

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

SOME OF THE THINGS DISCUSSED BY LONDONERS LAST WEEK.

Punch's Remarkable Enterprise—An Army Scandal—The New President of the Royal Academy.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Associated Press.) LONDON, Nov. 7.—The election in the United States has completely overshadowed all other events during the week on this side of the water. Englishmen have never been known to take such an interest in a foreign event, and the newspapers of this metropolis have never reported one so fully. In addition to the most voluminous, prompt, accurate and in every way efficient report cable from New York to the Reuters Telegram Company nearly all the London newspapers had long special cable messages on the same subject and published diagrams and maps in order to assist in explaining the political situation to their readers, all of which is having a beneficial effect here. It is teaching Englishmen to know the United States better than they have done in the past and to recognize the true worth and greatness of the country. In addition several of the newspapers published more or less appropriate cartoons, and Punch, which is published on Wednesday mornings, showing remarkable enterprise for that pictorial periodical in presenting a cartoon by Saubroe entitled "Columbia's Choice" and showing a statue of McKinley.

Diplomatic circles in Vienna have been excited and French political circles have been incensed by the reported reply of the Archduchess Marie Theresia of Austria, who was married on Thursday to the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the French throne, made to twenty-five ladies of the French legitimist aristocracy who attended the wedding and presented the bride with a magnificent crown of diamonds. In returning thanks for this gift the Archduchess said in French: "I hope this crown will one day be placed upon the head of my dear Philip. If that day ever arrives I shall know how to succeed my husband and do my whole duty."

The value of residence property in London is exemplified by the award of £200,000 (\$3,000,000) given to Lord Portman for fourteen acres of ground required by the new Manchester & Sheffield railroad for a site upon which to build a station and hotel, etc. For the property adjoining, forty-six acres of the Eyre estate, the same railroad was compelled to pay over £200,000 (\$3,000,000).

The close of the French racing season finds M. Edmond Blanc displacing Baron Schickler at the head of the list of winning owners. M. Blanc wins about £26,000 (\$390,000); M. Major is second, with £20,000 (\$300,000), and M. Stalla is third with £18,000 (\$270,000). Baron Schickler won less than £5,000 (\$75,000), and the winners of the Rothschild stakes, whose large stakes were less than £4,000.

Truth this week publishes the details of another of those scandals which is prone to destroy the tradition that the British officer is a gentleman. It appears that just before the Twentieth Hussars went to India a newly-joined subaltern was taken by his brother officer to the riding school and put on a bareback horse. The animal was made to gallop and the subaltern was whipped until he fell, injured his knee and became insensible. After which he was taken to the sick list for weeks. The object of this treatment, it is stated, was to drive the subaltern out of the regiment. When the latter reached India, it is further said, those practices were kept up. The subaltern was made to dress in the clothing of his native servant, to salarize to his palanquin on, etc., and to disgrace the young officer in the eyes of the natives. Truth thereupon demands that his tormentors be tried by court-martial, but adds that it does not expect Lord Wolsley (the commander-in-chief) to maintain the honor of the Queen's uniform.

Quite a sensation has been caused in certain circles by the announcement of the marriage of Miss Julia Emery, a pretty girl only eighteen years old, and until quite recently an assistant in a fancy dry goods store at Eastbourne, to Baron Lyndt, who is over seventy-two years of age, and a widower, his first wife having been a daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam. Miss Emery had no children, and his prospective heirs are not at all happy at the new departure on the part of his lordship.

A writer in the Contemporary Review asserts that some of the New York belles have taken to chewing tobacco, adding: "I think of the Venus of Milo biting off a chunk of plug."

The election of Edward J. Poynter, director of the National Gallery, to the presidency of the Royal Academy, was somewhat of a surprise to the friends of the other candidates, especially to the friends of Mr. Val Prinze, who was early in running and was supposed to be the Queen's choice. The election of Mr. Poynter, however, has been well received by the press and in art circles. Although he is not a great painter, Mr. Poynter is fully master of those social attainments which are necessary to make a successful president of the Royal Academy.

There is no doubt that the new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. A. Faudel-Phillips, will signalize his year of office by great brilliancy. He proposes to commemorate the Queen's reign by raising the sum of £100,000 (£1,000,000) with which to free the London public hospitals from debt.

Sir Robert Peel, it appears, has now settled down to a novel career. His second novel will appear shortly, and his third literary effort is now under way.

The first of the November Cabinet councils will be held on Lord Mayor's day, Nov. 9. It will occur earlier in the day than usual on account of the Prime Minister and most of the Cabinet officials having accepted the Lord Mayor's annual invitation to dine at the Guildhall.

Three interesting papers will be read before the Royal Geographical Society at its coming meetings. On next Tuesday evening Montefiore Brice will give an account of the Jackson-Farnsworth expedition; on Nov. 23 Lieutenant Vondeleurn will expound his two years in Uganda, Etyoror and the upper Nile region, and on Dec. 7 Col. J. K. Trotter will describe his recent visit to the sources of the Nile.

The Canadian government has granted from £200 to £400 to be expended in England with the object of introducing Canadian products in the British markets.

Vera Berlinger has during the past week been appearing as Julie De Mortemar in Bulwer's "Richelieu" at the Parkhurst Theatre. It is Vera Berlinger and not her sister Esme who has been engaged for the leading part in "The Pirates Progress."

Sims Reeves, who has been having a long

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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

concert tour in South Africa, arrived in London during the week. He will shortly sail for and begin a joint tour in Australia with his young wife, Mr. Reeves, it may be remembered, was born Oct. 21, 1852.

Miss Davies Webster, well known in London and the provinces, will next Tuesday begin a tour of the suburban theaters in a round of Shakespearian characters, the first venture being "Othello." Miss Webster will be assisted by Octavia Kennore, Acton Bond and G. R. Foss.

SUBURBAN NOTES.

West Indianapolis.
Mrs. Johnson, of Reiser street, is very ill.

Charles Terry, Jr., who has been ill with malaria fever, is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. John Abbott, of Woodburn avenue, left last week to visit relatives at Rensselaer.

John Entwistle, of Oliver avenue, has left the suburb and is now residing in the city.

William C. Harding, of Garland street, has left the suburb to take up his residence in the city.

Mrs. William Webb, of Oliver avenue, who has been suffering with hay fever, is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Bishop Fletcher, formerly of Hadley avenue, has left the suburb and taken up his residence in North Indianapolis.

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church will hold union services at the church every evening during the coming week.

Mrs. N. D. Grubb, of Marion avenue, has gone to Waldron, at which place she is visiting among relatives and friends.

John Harding, of Oliver avenue, is being visited by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Harding, of Greensboro, N. C.

The congregation of the Friends Church has changed the hour for holding Sunday evening services from 7:30 to 7 o'clock.

There will be a meeting of the W. C. T. U. at the home of Mrs. Tolin, No. 114 N. Yorky avenue, next Tuesday evening. Business of importance will be transacted.

Jewett Jones, of Arbor avenue, has gone to Noblesville, near which place he is superintending the erection of a new pumping station for the Consumers' Gas Company.

Mrs. George McKinley, who recently left for Knightsboro to visit the Soldiers' Orphan's Home at that place, has returned and very enthusiastically praises that institution.

J. C. McCain, of Oliver avenue, who left Thursday to go to his father's home in Shelby county to attend the funeral of his aunt, which occurred at that place, has returned home.

Mrs. Mentor, of River avenue, is being visited by Mrs. Marguerite Dixon, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Dixon formerly lived in the city, but removed to her present home nine years ago.

It has just transpired that James W. Lankin and Miss Nellie Newkirk, both of this suburb, are husband and wife. In fact they were married last May, but did not reveal their secret until last week.

"Belshazzar's Feast," which is the title of Rev. J. Wesley Maxwell's popular lecture, will be delivered by him at the M. E. Church this evening. The subject of his morning address is "Growth of Grace."

Captain K. Smith, of Division street, gave an informal reception last Thursday evening in celebration of the Republican forty guests who were present and a joyous evening was spent.

Last Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morton, of McCain street, gave a surprise party at their home for their brother, A. P. Green and wife. They were made the recipients of a number of valuable presents by the guests in attendance.

Villiers & Co., of Oliver avenue, posted the last week in order to please the wenchers who did not care to go to the city, and Mr. Villiers was obliged to stay in the city all night Tuesday night and post bulletins.

Brightwood.
James Smith, of No. 26 Gale street, who has been very ill, is now convalescing.

Mrs. Baldwin, of Gale street, left Saturday for Ohio, where she will spend a few days visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. William Baker and two children, of Philadelphia, Pa., are visiting her mother, Mrs. Adams, in 122-128 N. 28 Gale street.

James Underwood, formerly of Indianapolis, O., has moved his family to Brightwood, and is now residing on Poplar street.

The building which is to contain the machinery for Dr. William H. Johnson's new electric-light plant is now nearly completed.

At the St. Francis Church, last Sunday morning, the engagement was announced of George Harmon and Miss Caroline Wulfe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sites, of Station street, are entertaining Mr. Sites' mother and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hana Sites, of Columbus, O.

E. D. Bancroft, secretary of the Railroad Men's Y. M. C. A., at Columbus, O., will address the Railroad Men's Y. M. C. A. meeting this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Willis Minor has let the contract for two new dwelling houses, which are to be erected on Brightwood avenue. The foundation for one of them is already completed.

L. S. Coffin, who labored hard in Congress for the passage of the bill which provides for the placing of automatic couplers and air brakes upon all railroad cars, next week will be the Big Four employees at the shop meeting during the noon hour next Wednesday.

The city marshal has not attempted to bring suit against the Town Board, as he threatened, because it cut his salary, but instead has accepted the inevitable and now is seen playing the shavel on the streets and gutters of the town. He now receives \$100 a year and cents an hour for time actually employed on work for the town.

Miss Della Murphy, a prominent young lady of the suburb, and John D. Baker, of Windfall, Ind., were married at the home of the bride's parents, on Stewart street, last Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. Lee Fisher, of the Baptist Church, officiated, and quite a number of friends and relatives were present. Two hours after the ceremony the newly-wedded pair left for the home of the groom's parents, at Windfall, from which place they will proceed to Kansas City, Mo., where they will make their future home.

A VEGETABLE OGRE.

The Wild Fig the Greatest Robber in a Tropical Forest.

St. Nicholas.

Of all the vegetable inhabitants of the tropical woods the strangest is that one whose seed, it is said, will die if it falls upon the ground, and which only grows when it finds a resting place on the rock or fence, or on an iron nail, where there is not a particle of earth or moisture; and in all the West India forest this tree is the greatest enemy to the planter. It has a long and beautiful Latin name, which, it might be supposed, would have some soothing influence upon it, but it does not seem to. This plant is the wild fig.

Let us imagine that some hungry bird, taking in its beak one of these figs, flies to a neighboring tree, and, alighting on a lofty branch, eats the fruit. One seed is left. The sun is warm and the air is moist, and after a while the tiny germ begins to sprout, and the minute leaves, breaking their iron shell, shoot upward—tender little innocent, putting up its slender arms in a "peace-be-heavens" sort of way, while its soldier-like legs are reaching out to get a firm hold on its aerial home. The little plant seems so harmless, and the hospitable forest giant cannot know to what a robber and monster it has given a resting place. After a while the fig sends up a scion, and its root, peeping over the edge of the lofty branch, finds the ground eighty or one hundred feet below.

Its nature has endowed this spring with daring, and, nothing daunted, the slender stem, with the aid of the roots, reaches up the moisture with which the hot atmosphere is laden. It drops slowly and boldly to the ground and here it takes root. As the plant grows it lets fall other long feeders, one by one, which descend to the earth. Some of the tentacles have, by this time, found that the tree itself affords an easy descent, and one day a root starts along the branch, and reaching the trunk, trips lightly down its spiral stairs, and thus reaches the soil. Others, finding this way so easy, follow, and so the roots increase in number and size, nourishing their master above.

It has now grown in strength and vigor, and, wrapping themselves around the trunk of the tree that supports them, the roots strain and press upon it cruelly. It is a struggle for life, but their forest host is slow to move, and slowly and surely they envelop it. The embrace of the fig is death. At last the great tree dies, and little by little, rotting branch by branch, it falls to pieces, and its place is taken by the ogre that strangled it.

The wild fig belongs to the same family as the fig of the East and West India, and has the same destructive habits everywhere. Sometimes it grows to an immense size. The wood is soft, and the natives make bows, arrows and spears of it. The fruit is about as large as an apricot.

It May Be.
Philadelphia Record.

What people take for the Indian summer haze may be only the smoke and exhaust of a steam locomotive.

BRET HARTE'S HEROINE

CALAMITY JANE, THE FAMOUS SCOUT, HAS BECOME AN AUTHORESS.

She Took Part in the Vigilance Committee's Lynching Bees When Deadwood Was in Its Prime.

Denver Times.

A woman who has killed more than five score of Indians, who has met and conquered a dozen bad men and has been in more deadly rows than falls to the lot of a hundred average men, is now earning a living as a book agent. This is Calamity Jane. Bret Harte made her famous in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but the women pictured by the novelist and the real Calamity Jane are quite different personages.

Many people have supposed that Calamity Jane never existed, except in the imagination of the writer. But she does exist, and at this particular time she is tramping from house to house in Helena, Mont., selling a book—a book she wrote herself, and about herself. As a literary gem it will never create a furor among posterity, but this does not bother the authoress; all she aspires to is a sale sufficient to clothe and feed herself until something better turns up. She freely acknowledges that she delved into literature only as a final resource. She was faced to face with poverty, so she wrote a book. Moreover, she wants to educate her daughter, and if the sales are numerous enough this will be done.

This real Calamity Jane is a woman of forty-four years, weighing less than 125 pounds, and about five feet three inches in height. She has gray eyes, brown hair, a weather-beaten face and an ordinary raw-boned figure. There is nothing remarkable about her, as far as looks go, but, as she says, "when it comes down to cold cases, I am there." This vague remark may mean a great variety of things, but its literal meaning is that when danger comes her way she won't flunk.

In private life she is Mrs. Clinton Burke, having married a gentleman of that name at El Paso, Tex., some ten years ago. Her maiden name was Martha Canary. She was born in Princeton, Mo., in 1852, and while a baby her mother died. When ten years of age her father took her to Virginia City, Nev., where the widest spirits of the West, both white and red, congregated. From the first she was thrown in contact with men of the desperate type, and shooting scraps were ordinary events in her life. Naturally, she learned to shoot and to look out for her own welfare, for in that reckless community it was quite necessary that a woman should be able to care for herself as well as a man.

In one of the constant scrimmages with the Indians her father was killed, and the family was broken up. Martha had to shift for herself, and as all she could do was to ride and shoot, she got a position as scout under General Crook. This was not a rare thing among frontier women in those days. They knew the ways of the Indians better than the trained soldiers from the East, and as they expected no favors on account of their being women they were as efficient in the work as men.

Martha Canary soon worked up to a leadership among these women of the West. When she first became a government scout, and had all the audacity of youth. Besides, she was absolutely fearless and had nerves of rock. Nothing was too hazardous for her to undertake, and in a few years she had a reputation for courage which made her conspicuous among people where that quality was common.

To recount the number of affairs in which she figured would be a long task. She carried her title of "Calamity Jane" as a bit of gallantry describing of handsome recognition. It was during Custer's Nez Perce campaign in 1877 that she met Capt. Esau who gave her the name of Calamity Jane, and later her fame under that title spread from the Dakotas to the western tip of Montana.

In the Black Hills, between Custer and Deadwood, she was best known. It was there that she was a leading spirit in the vigilante committee, and she was one of the soldiers who were surprised and surrounded by Indians, and the soldiers were getting the worst of it. Calamity Jane was outside the circle of Indians watching the fight, and when her experienced eye told her that it was only a question of minutes when the soldiers would be wiped out and massacred, she worked her way safely through the Indians to her comrades. On reaching that point she discovered that the captain was wounded and the soldiers demoralized. There was only one good horse left, and getting the captain across the saddle, she got up behind him and they cut loose. She knew the country better than the Indians, and managed to reach a point of safety. The diversion she created by the escape gave a few of the soldiers a chance to get away, but the bulk of them were massacred. Capt. Esau who gave her the name of Calamity Jane, and later her fame under that title spread from the Dakotas to the western tip of Montana.

The tragedy which ended John McCaul's life showed this. McCaul was a stage coach driver at Deadwood, and he was shot by a man called Wild Bill in the back. Bill died. He was one of the choice friends of Calamity Jane. When she heard of the shooting she rushed out of her shanty with a butcher's cleaver in her hand. She gave a whoop, which brought all the street boys, town to her heels, and they joined eagerly in the chase for McCaul. He was found half-dead, and the cleaver in his back. Calamity Jane almost scared him to death. Some of the people proposed that Jane should finish him with the cleaver, but the milder spirits objected, so he was lynched in the conventional way, attached to the limb of a tree, with Jane standing guard with the cleaver.

The curious part of all this is that six months before Jane had saved McCaul's life. She and six others were passengers in McCaul's coach, running from Deadwood to Wild Birch. Half way between the two points the coach was surrounded by Indians and McCaul was shot through the back. The other passengers lost their nerve at this, but Jane grabbed up the reins and landed the coach safely at Wild Birch.

Later Jane became a pony express rider between Deadwood and Custer, and as the country was swarming with hostile Sioux, the job was an exciting one. After that she went to ranching at Miles City, Mont., but raising cattle did not suit her, so she opened a small hotel. She was her own boss, and when any bad man drifted in search of trouble, she always met him more than half way.

In 1893 she went to El Paso, where she married. Nine months ago she returned to Deadwood, but it was not the Deadwood of old. There was nothing for her to do except to go on the variety stage, and this work disinterested her. She gave it up to plunge into literature.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

The Old Home Where Many Interesting Events Have Taken Place.

London Mail.

At the chief entrance to Holly Lodge, Lady Burdett-Coutts's country home on the northern heights of London, there is a relic of Mrs. Coutts, its former owner, whose fancy caused a horseshoe to be nailed on the threshold. In the entrance hall, now thronged with well-dressed guests, hang rare oil portraits, engraved and in grout. Many of these are interesting, historically, to the family.

Holly Lodge has been the scene of many interesting festivities and entertainments. Its close proximity to London makes it a convenient rendezvous for the statesmen, churchmen, artists, literateurs, soldiers, travelers and scholars who are proud to call its owner friend.

What a strange position for a young girl to find herself in. At the age of twenty-three the richest woman in the land, not excepting our own Queen, and the head of a great banking house second only in importance to the Bank of England itself.

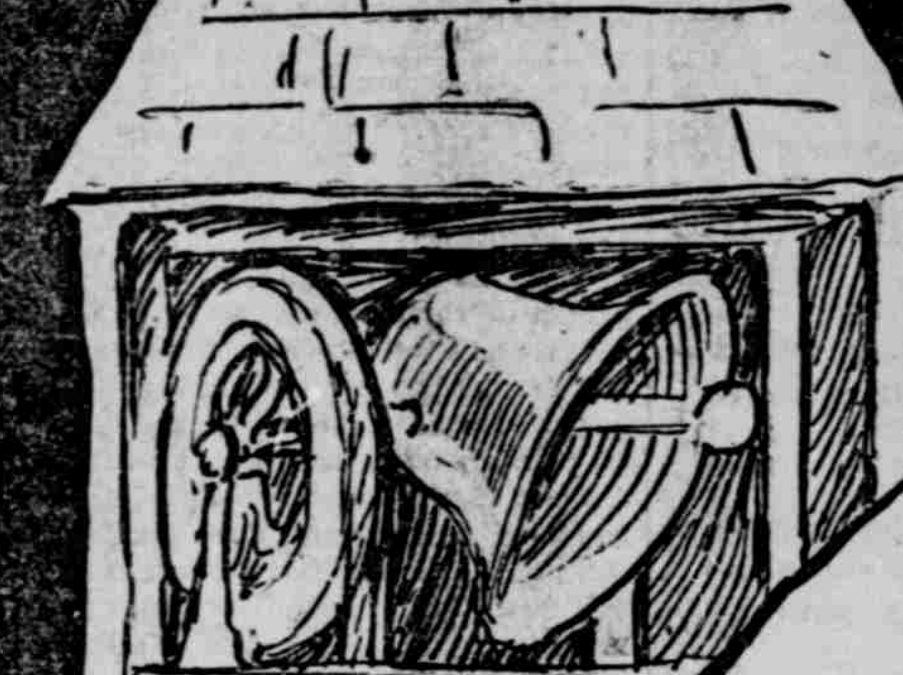
Many were the conjectures, "What will she do with this vast wealth? Will it minister to the selfish pleasure only of its possessor, or will it be held as a precious trust, to be spent on the wants of many?" The query is best answered by the Baroness's many charitable schemes.

It was mainly due to her unceasing devotion that the bill was passed in 1853 which so materially improved the condition of the little ones. Further efforts were crowned by her work in establishing the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the first meeting taking place in the Baroness's own pretty drawing room.

The name of this society reminds us of another which the "Good Baroness" was mainly instrumental in founding, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Baroness is tall and thin, and very graceful. She has the sweetest voice, and most gracious manner of any society lady living.

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GREAT SALE
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A few days more of this matchless selling—of this wonderful sacrificing—and then what is acknowledged to be the most remarkable event that has ever occurred in this city will come to an end.

IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE

Competition has worked itself into a jealous frenzy vainly endeavoring to stem the tide of trade that has responded—and is responding to our offer of

The Model's entire stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing (including the \$25.000 worth of new winter goods that we agreed to accept) at

50 Cents on the \$1

—Not of a doctored price—but the Model's Regular Price.

A few ancient styles and a handful of shop-worn stock—dug up from the dust-shrouded shelves of a forgotten past have no chance beside the sincerity of this sale—that gives you the choice of every stitch of clothing in this store—a stock and a store that has always merited the fullest confidence and given the highest satisfaction.

The slings and slurs of these disconcerted merchants have done much to increase the favor and enthusiasm with which our efforts have been received. The boldness of our offering demanded attention! The honesty of it won recognition.

ALL READY for the WIND-UP

If you have not bought your own and your boys' wardrobe supply for the winter, do it now while there's yet a chance to do it at half price; a literal saving of half the worth price.

Half-Price means Men's New Winter Suits from \$2.50 to \$15.00
Half-Price means Men's New Winter Overcoats from \$2.50 to \$20.00
Half-Price means Men's New Winter Pants from \$1.00 to \$4.50
Half-Price means Boys' New Winter Suits from \$2.50 to \$10.00
Half-Price means Children's New Winter Suits from \$1.00 to \$7.00
Half-Price means Boys' New Overcoats and Reefers from \$1 to \$7.50
Half-Price means Boys' New Winter Pants from 75c to \$2.50
Half-Price means Children's New Knee Pants from 20c to \$1.50

YOUR PROTECTION

You'll buy on your own judgment—the bargains are so sure and so big anybody can see 'em. But every purchase has behind it our guarantee—whatever you buy must give satisfaction—or we ask you to bring it back and get your money. Not satisfaction based on the half-price you pay—but on the full value we promise you is here.



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Some sizes sold out.
3c
Cashmere Mufflers
Were \$1.00 and \$1.50, now
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69c
All-Wool Sweaters
Were \$1.50, now
49c
Broken Lines of All-Wool Scarlet Underwear
Were \$1.00, now
48c
Children's New 50 Cent Caps
Now
34c
Men's New \$1.00 Soft and Stiff Hats
Now
67c
Men's New \$2.00 Soft and Stiff Hats
Now
\$1.34
All Valises
1-2 Off
Odds and Ends in Boys' Winter Caps
Were 25c and 50c, now
9c